

THE
S P L E E N,
A Pindarique
O D E.

By a L A D Y. 15

Together with
A Prospect of DEATH:
A Pindarique ESSAY.

—*Sed Omnes una manet Nox,
Et Calcanda semel via Lethi.*

Hor.

L O N D O N:

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A. Pinguinos

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ANSWER

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Maxima et minima non sunt nisi per se.

Such was the month when A. (you see)

When you were won by the grace of the

But the month when you were won by the

Before you were won by the grace of the

THE

S P L E E N:

A Pindarique O D E, &c.

WHAT art thou, *Spleen*, which every thing dost ape?
 Thou *Proteus* to abuse Mankind,
 Who never yet thy hidden Cause cou'd find;
 Or fix thee to remain in one continu'd Shape;
 Still varying thy perplexing Form,
 Now a dead Sea thoul't represent
 A Calm of stupid Discontent,
 The dashing on the Rocks wilt rage into a Storm:
 Trembling sometimes thou dost appear,
 Dissolv'd into a panick Fear.
 On Sleep intruding dost thy Shadows spread,
 Thy gloomy Terrors round the lent Bed,
 And crowd with boding Dreams the melancholy Head.
 Or when the mid-night Hour is told,
 And drooping Lids thou still do'st waking hold,
 Thy fond Delusions cheat the Eyes,
 Before 'em antick Spectres dance,
 Unusual Fires their pointed Heads advance,
 And airy Phantoms rise.

Such was the monstrous Vision seen,
 When *Brutus* (now beneath his Cares opprest,
 And all *Rome's* Fortunes rolling in his Breast,
 Before *Philippi's* latest Field
 Before his Fate did to *Octavius* yield)
 Was vanquish'd by the *Spleen*.

II.

Falsly the mortal part we blame
 Of our depres'd and pond'rous Frame,
 Which till the first degrading Sin
 Let thee its dull attendant, in ;
 Still with the other did comply ;
 Nor clogg'd the active Soul, dispos'd to fly,
 And range the Mansions of its native Sky :
 Nor whilst in his own Heaven he dwelt,
 Whilst Man his Paradise possest,
 His fertile Garden in the fragrant East,
 And all united Odours smelt.
 No pointed Sweets until thy Reign
 Cou'd shock the Sense, or in the face
 A Flush, Unhandsome Colour place
 Now the *Jonquil* o'recomes the feeble Brain,
 We faint beneath the Aromatick pain,
 Till some offensive scent thy Powers appease,
 And Pleasure we resign for short and nauseous Ease.

III.

New are thy Motions and thy Dress,
 In every one thou dost possell :
 Here some attentive secret Friend
 Thy false Suggestions must attend,
 Thy whisper'd Griefs, thy fancy'd Sorrows hear,
 Breath'd in a Sigh, and witness'd by a Tear :

Whilst

Whilst in the light and vulgar Crowd,
 Thy Slaves more clamorous and loud,
 By laughter unprovok'd thy Influence too confess.
 In the imperious Wife thou Vapours are,
 Whith from o'er-heated Passions rise
 In clouds to the attractive Brain,
 Until descending thence again
 Thro' the o'er-cast and showring Eyes,
 Upon the Husband's softned Heart,
 He the disputed Point must yield,
 Something resign of the contested Field;
 'Till Lordly Man, born to Imperial Sway,
 Compounds for Peace, to make his Right away
 And Woman arm'd with Spleen do's servilely obey.

IV.
 The Fool, to imitate the Wits,
 Complains of thy pretended Firs;
 And Dulness, born with him would lay
 Upon thy accidental Sway;
 Because thou do'st sometimes presume
 Into the ablest Heads to come,
 That often Men of Thoughts refin'd,
 Impatient of unequal Sense,
 Such slow returns, where they so much dispense,
 Retiring from the Crowd, are to thy Shades confin'd;
 In me alas! thou dost too much prevail,
 I feel thy force, while I against thee rail?
 I feel my Verse decay, and my cramp't Numbers fall.
 Through thy black Jaundies I all Objects see,
 As dark and terrible as thee;
 My Lines decry'd, and my Imposition thought
 An useless Folly, or presumptuous Fault;

While in the Muses Paths I stray,
While in their Groves, and by their Springs,
My Hand delights to trace unusual things,
And deviates from the known and common way!

Nor will in fading Silks compose,

Faintly th' inimitable Rose
Fill up an ill-drawn Bird, or paint on Glass
The Sovereign's blurd and undistinguish'd Face;
The threatening Angel, and the speaking Ass.

Patron thou art of every gross abuse,
The sudden Husband's feign'd excuse;
When the ill humour with his Wife he speads,
And bears recruited Wit and Spirits to his Friends.

The Son of *Bacchus* pleads thy Power,
As to the Glass he still repairs,
Pretends but to remove thy Cares;

Snatcht from thy Shades one gay and smiling hour,
And drown thy Kingdom with a Purple Show'r.

When the Coquet whom every Fool admires,
Wou'd in variety be fair,

And shifting hastily the Scene,
From light impertinent and vain,

Assumes a soft and melancholy Air,

And of her Eyes rebates the wand'ring Fires,
The careless Posture, and the Head reclin'd,

The thoughtful and composed Face
Proclaiming the withdrawn and absent Mind,

Al-

Allows the Fop more liberty to gaze;
 Who gently for the tender Cause enquires:
 The Cause indeed is a defect in Sense;
 But still the Spleen's alledg'd, and still the dull Pretence;
 But these are thy fantastick Harms,
 The tricks of thy pernicious Rage,
 Which do the weaker sort engage;
 Worse are the dire effects of thy more powerful Charms.

By thee Religion all we know
 That should enlighten here below,
 Is yeild in darkness, and perplext
 With anxious Doubts, with chidels Scruples vext;
 And some restraint imply'd from each perverted Text.
 Whilst tast not, touch not what is freely given,
 Is but the Niggard's Voice, disgracing bounteous Hea-

(ven.)

From Speech restrain'd, by thy deceits abus'd,
 To Desarts banish'd, and in Cells reclus'd,
 Mistaken Votaries to the Powers Divine,
 While they a purer Sacrifice design
 Do but the Spleen adore, and worship at thy Shrine.

VII.

In vain to chase thee, every Art we try ;
 In vain all Remedies apply ;
 In vain the Indian Leaf infuse,
 Or the pearch'd Eastern Berry bruise ;
 Some pass in vain those bounds, and nobler Liquors use.

Now Harmony in vain we bring,
Inspire the Flute, and touch the String;
From Harmony no help is had:
Musick but sooths thee, if too sweetly sad;
And if too light, but turns thee gladly mad.
Not skilful Lower thy Source cou'd find,
Or through the well-dissected Body trace
The secrete and mysterious ways,
By which thou dost destroy and prey upon the Mind;
Tho' in the Search, too deep for Humane Thought,
With unsuccessful Toil he wrought,
'Till in pursuit of thee himself was by thee caught;
Retain'd thy Prisoner, thy acknowledg Slave,
And sunk beneath thy Weight to a lamented Grave.

No Hope to Propose a kind Religion
A Prospect of DEATH, &c.

Since we can die but once, and after Death,
 Our State no alteration knows;

But when we have resign'd our Breath,

Th' Immortal Spirit goes

To endless Joys, or everlasting Woes;

Wise is that Man, who labours to secure

The Mighty, and Important Stake;

And by all Methods strives to make

His Passage safe, and his Reception sure.

Meerly to dye, no Man of Reason fears;

For certainly we must,

As we are born, return to Dust;

Tis the last Point of many long'ring Years.

But whither then we go,

Whither, we fain woud know:

But humane Understanding cannot show,

This makes us tremble, and Creates

Strange Apprehensions in the Mind;

Fills it with restless Doubts, and wild Debates,

Concerning what, we living, cannot find.

None know what Death is but the Dead:

Therefore we all, by Nature Dying dread,

As a strange doubtful way, we know not how to tread.

II.

When to the Margin of the Grave we come,
 And scarce have one black painful Hour to live;

(16)

No Hopes, no Prospect of a kind Reprieve,
To stop our speedy Passage to the Tomb.
How moving, and how mournful is the sight;
How wondrous pitiful, how wondrous sad;
Where then is Refuge, where is Comfort to be had?
In the dark Minutes of the dreadful Night,
To cheer our drooping Souls for their amazing flight?
Feeble and languishing in Bed we lie,
Wishing for Death, and yet afraid to dye:
Despairing to Recover, void of Rest,
Terrors and Doubts distract our Breast,
With mighty Agonies, and mighty Pains oppress,
Our Face is moistened with a clammy Sweat;
Faint and irregular the Pulses beat.
The Blood inactive grows,
And thickens as it glows;
Depriv'd of all its Vigour, all its vital Heat,
Our dying Eyes now heavily about,
Their Light's just going out;
And for some kind Assistance call,
But pity, useless pity's all.
Our weeping Friends can give,
Or we receive:
Tho' their desires are great, their pow'r's are small.
The Tongue's unable to declare,
The Pains, the Griefs, the Miseries we bear:
How insupportable our Torments are.
Musick no more delights our deafning Ears,
Restores our Joys, or dissipates our Fears.

(11)

But all is melancholy, all is sad,
In Robes of deepest Mourning clad.
For every Faculty, and every Sense
Partakes the Woe of this dire Exigence.

IV.

Then we are sensible too late,
'Tis no advantage to be Rich, or Great:
For all the fulsome Pride, or Pageantry of State
No Consolation brings.
Riches and Honour then are useless things,
Tasteless or bitter all,
And like the Book which the Apostle eat,
To the ill-judging Palate sweet,
But turn at last to Nauseousness and Gall.
Nothing will then our drooping Spirits cheer.
But the remembrance of good Actions past.
Virtue's a Joy that will for ever last,
And makes pale Death less terrible appear.
Takes out his baneful sting, and palliates our fear.
In the dark Anti-chambers of the Grave,
What would we give, 'e'en all we have,
All that our Care and Industry had gain'd,
All that our Fraud, our Policy, our Art obtain'd,
Could we recall those fatal Hours again,
Which we consum'd in senseless Vanities,
Ambitious Follies, and Luxurious Ease,
For then they urge our Terrors, and increase our Pain.
V.

Our Friends stand weeping by,
Dissolv'd in Tears to see us dye,
And plunge into the deep Abyss of wide Eternity. In

In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve,
Their Sorrows cannot ours relieve;

They pity our deplorable Estate:

But what, alas! can Pity do,

To soften the Decrees of Fate?

Besides, the Sentence is irrevocable too.

All their Endeavours to preserve our Breath,

Tho' they do unsuccessful prove,

Show us how much, how tenderly they love;

But cannot cut off the Entail of Death.

Mournful they look, and croud about our Bed.

One with Officious haste,

Brings us a Cordial we want Sense to taste;

Another softly raises up our Head:

This wipes away the Sweat, that sighing cries,

See what Convulsions, what strong Agonies,

Both Soul and Body undergo,

His Pains no Intermission know;

For every gasp of Air he draws, returns in Sighs.

Each would his kind assistance lend,

To serve his dear Relation, or his dearer Friend;

But still in vain with Destiny they all contend.

VI.

Our Father, pale with grief and watching grown,

Takes our cold hand in his, and cries adieu,

Adieu, my Child, now I must follow you;

Then weeps, and gently lays it down.

Our Sons, who in their tender Years

Were Objects of our Cares, and of our Fears,

Come trembling to our Bed, and kneeling cry.

Bless us, O Father! now before you dye;

Bless us, and be you blest to all Eternity.

Our

Our Friend, whom equal to our selves we love,

Compassionate and kind,

Cries, will you leave me here behind,

Without me fly to the blest Seats above?

Without me, did I say, Ah! no!

Without thy Friend thou canst not go;

For tho' thou leav'st me groveling here below,

My Soul with thee shall upward fly,

And bear thy Spirit company,

Thro' the bright Passage of the yielding Sky.

Ev'n Death that parts thee from thy self shall be

Incapable to separate.

(For 'tis not in the power of Fate)

My Friend, my best, my dearest Friend and me.

But since it must be so, farewell,

For ever; No! for we shall meet agen.

And live like Gods, tho' now we dye like Men,
In the Eternal Regions, where just Spirits dwell.

VII.

The Soul unable longer to maintain

The fruitless and unequal strife,

Finding her weak Endeavours vain,

To keep the Counterscarps of Life;

By slow degrees retires towards the Heart,

And Fortifies that little Fort,

With all the kind Artilleries of Art

Botanick Legions guarding every part.

But Death, whose Arms no Mortal can repel,

A formal Seige disdains to lay,

Summons his fierce Batalions to the Fray,

And

And in a Minute storms the feeble Citadel,
 Sometimes we may capitulate, and he
 Pretends to make a solid peace :
 But 'tis all Sham, all Artifice;
 That we may negligent and careless be.
 For if his Armies are withdrawn to day,
 And we believe no Danger near,
 But all is peaceable, and all is clear,
 His Troops return some unexpected way,
 While in the soft embrace of Sleep we lye,
 The Secret Murderer Stabs us, and we dye.

VIII.

Since our first Parents fall,
 Death Inevitable Descends on all ;
 A Portion none of humane Race can miss,
 But that which makes it sweet or bitter, is
 The fears of Misery, or certain Hopes of Bliss :
 For when the Impenitent or Wicked dye
 Loaded with Crimes and Infamy,
 If any Scense at that sad time remains,
 They feel amazing Terrors, mighty Pains,
 The Earnest of that vast stupendious Woe,
 Which they to all Eternity must undergo ;
 Confin'd in Hell with everlasting Chains.
 Infernal Spirits hover in the Air,
 Like ravenous Wolves to seize upon their Prey,
 And hurry the desperate Souls away
 To the dark Receptacles of Despair,
 Where they must dwell till that tremendous day,

When the loud Trump shall call 'em to appear
 Before a Judge most terrible, and most severe,
 By whose just Sentence they must go
 To everlasting Pains, and endless Woe,
 Which always are extreme, and always will be so.

IX.

But the good Man whose Soul is pure,
 Unspotted, regular and free,
 From all the ugly stains of Lust, and Villany,
 Of Mercy and of Pardon sure,
 Looks through the darkness of the gloomy Night,
 And sees the dawning of a glorious Day,
 Sees crouds of Angels ready to convey
 His Soul, when e'er she takes her flight
 To the surprizing Mansions of immortal Light.
 Then the Celestial Guards around him stand:
 Nor suffer the black Demons of the Air
 'Toppose his passage to the promis'd Land
 Or Terrify his Thoughts with wild Despair;
 But all is calm within, and all without is fair.
 His Prayers, his Charity, his Virtues pres'rs
 To plead for Mercy when he wants it most;
 Not one of all the happy Number's lost:
 And those bright Advocates ne'er want Success.
 But when the Soul's releas'd from dull Mortality:
 She mourns in Triumph thro' the Sky
 United to a glorious Throng
 Of Angels, who with a Celestial Song,
 Congratulate her Conquest as she flies along.

If therefore all must quit the Stage
 When, or how soon we cannot know,
 But late or early, we are sure to go,
 In the fresh Bloom of Youth, or wither'd Age;
 We cannot take too sedulous a care.

In this Important, grand Affair,
 For as we dye, we must remain,
 Hereafter all our hopes are vain
 To make our Peace with Heaven, or to return again
 The Heathen, who no better understood,
 Than what the Light of Nature taught, declar'd
 No future Miseries could be prepar'd
 For the Sincere, the Merciful, the Good;
 But if there were a State of Rest,
 They should with the same happiness be blest
 As the Immortal Gods, (if Gods there were) possesst.
 We have the promise of Eternal Truth,
 They who live well, and pious Paths pursue,
 To Man, and to their Maker true,
 Let'm expire in Age or Youth,
 Age or Youth can never miss
 Their way to Everlasting Bliss:
 But from a World of Misery and Care
 To Mansions of Eternal Ease repair;
 Where Joy in full perfection flows;
 And in an endless Circle move
 Thro' the vast Round of a Beatific Love,
 Which no Cessation knows.